Bar. You muſt away to court ſir preſently,
A dozen captaines ſtay at doore for you.
Fal. Pay the muſitians ſirra,farewel hoſteſſe,farewel Dol, you ſee (my good wenches)how men of merit are ſought after,the vndeſeruer may ſleepe, when the man of action is calld on,farewell good wenches, if I bee not ſent away poſte, I will ſee you againe ere I goe.
Dol. I cannot ſpeake:if my heart be not ready to burſt:wel ſweete Iacke haue a care of thy ſelfe.
Fal. Farewell,farewell. *exit.*
Hoſt. Well, fare thee well,I haue knowne thee theſe twenty nine yeares, come peaſe-cod time, but an honeſter, and truer hearted man:wel,fare thee wel.
Bard. Miſtris Tere-ſheete.
Hoſt. Whats the matter?
Bard. Bid miſtris Tere-ſheete come to my maſter.
Hoſt. O runne Doll, runne, runne good Doll, come, ſhe comes blubberd,yea!will you come Doll?
exeunt.

Enter the King in his night-gowne alone.

King Go call the Earlesof Surrey and of War.
But ere they come, bid them o're-reade theſe letters,
And well conſider of them,make good ſpeed.
How many thouſand of my pooreſt ſubiects,
Are at this howre aſleepe? ô ſleepe!ô gentle ſleep!
Natures ſoft nurſe,how haue I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-liddes downe,
And ſteep my ſences in forgetfulneſſe,
Why rather ſleepe lieſt thou in ſmoaky cribbes,
Vpon vneaſie pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſht with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber,
Then in the perfumde chambers of the great,

Vnder

Vnder the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lulld with ſound of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull god,why li'ſte thou with the vile
In lothſome beds,and leaueſt the kingly couch,
A watch-caſe,or a common larum bell?
Wilt thou vpon the high and giddy maſſe,
Seale vp the ſhip-boies eies, and rocke his braines,
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge,
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian pillowes by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
VVith deaffing clamour in the ſlippery clouds,
That with the hurly death it ſelfe awakes?
Canſt thou, ô partiall ſleepe, giue them repoſe,
To the wet ſeaſon in an howre ſo rude,
And in the calmeſt, and moſt ſtilleſt night,
VVith al appliances and meanes to boote,
Deny it to a King? then (happy) low lie downe,
Vneaſie lies the head that weares a crowne.

Enter Warwike, Surry,and ſir Iohn Blunt.

War. Many good morrowes to your maieſtie.
King Is it good morrow lords?
War. Tis one a clocke,and paſt.
King VVhy then good morrow to you all my lords,
Haue you read ore the letter that I ſent you?
War. VVe haue my liege.
King Then you perceiue the body of our kingdome,
How foule it is, what rancke diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger neare the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body yet diſtempered,
VVhich to his former ſtrength may be reſtored,
VVith good aduiſe and little medicine,

 My